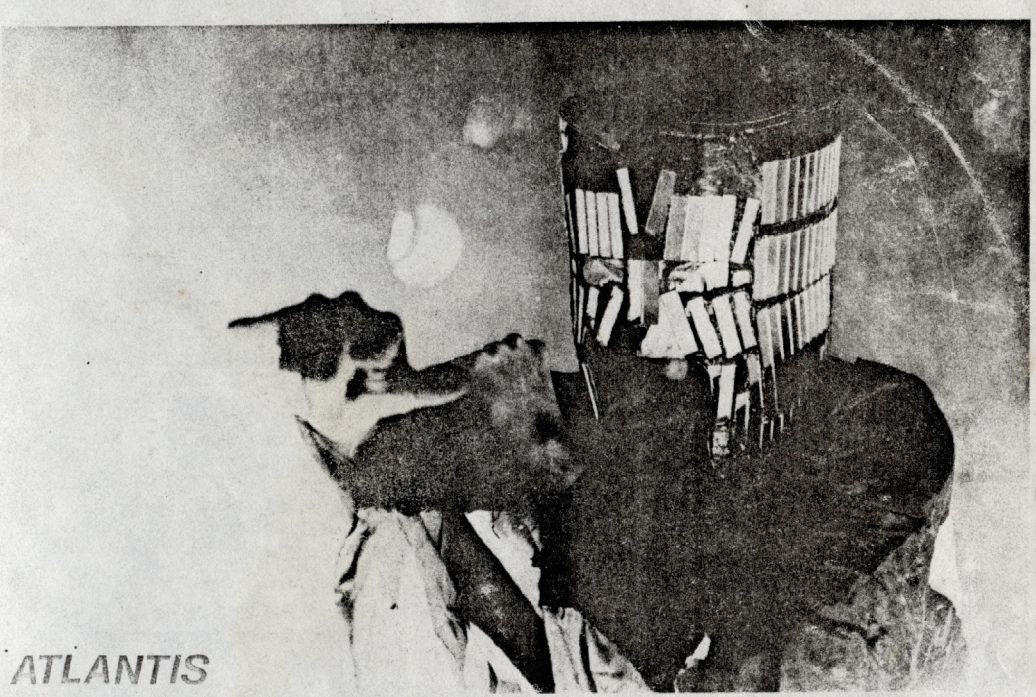
the PALLAS SENTINEL

THE PALLAS NEWSLETTER Vol. 2 Issue 1



Pallas are currently playing around the country on their "Arrive Alive Tour", the third and most extensive tour the band have yet embarked on. The tour coincides with the re-release of the 1981 live album due to public demand. You'll find details of the album on the back page, it should be readily available at any good record shop. The band can also be heard on the Heavy Metal Heroes 2 compilation album which is available on Heavy Metal Records.

In this special edition of The Sentinel, we have included items which some people may have seen already, in order that new audiences can catch up on the bands past. Inside you'll find a brief history of the band, lyrics from the Arrive Alive album and the already legendary Atlantis, press cuttings and mail order details.

If this is the first time you've seen Pallas in action we'd like to thank you for coming, and hope that you enjoyed the band. We'll be touring again shortly, so keep a lookout for Pallas in the tour news sections.

BRIEF HISTORY

EUAN LOWSON	—	VOCALS
GRAEME MURRAY	—	BASS, 12 STRING, BASS PEDALS, VOCALS
NIALL MATHEWSON	—	GUITAR
RONNIE BROWN	—	KEYBOARDS
DEREK FORMAN	—	DRUMS

Pallas, who hail from Aberdeen in the frozen wastelands of Scotland, have been together and gigging extensively for three years. They have recently found themselves tagged as leaders of the "Progressive Rock Revival" along with Marillion.

November 1980	Pallas played the Glasgow Apollo in the Scottish final of the "Battle of the Bands" contest.
Spring 1981	Pallas recorded the live album "Arrive Alive" which was released through their own lable on cassette only.
February 1982	The Arrive Alive single was released and the band embarked on their first national tour including dates in London.
September 1982	The second national tour included the bands first headliner at The Marquee, without having played there as support. The band were featured in a 2 page article in Sounds.
Winter 1982/83	Pallas regularly played one nighters at the Marquee, a round trip on 1,000 miles each gig. Pallas were regularly featured in Sounds, Kerrang and Melody Maker.
January 1983	The Arrive Alive album was re-released on Vinyl due to public demand.
February 1983	The third national tour included a 5 night residency at the Marquee and an extensive series of gigs throughout the country.

MATERIAL

The material featured on the Arrive Alive tour consists of tracks from the Arrive Alive album and new material from the forthcoming "Atlantis" album.

Pallas
Marquee

WHAT A pleasant surprise! Spurred on by the chequebook eyes of A&R spies and a craving for revenge on my pen's cutting edge, Pallas are realising their potential to expand like a balloon and float towards success on the crest of another wave of progressive popularity.

This gig bore the conviction that was sorely lacking in the Scottish shows I saw earlier this year, this had the cool confidence and calm carved-in professionalism that asked with determined politeness rather than earlier ludicrous gibberish: Sign us.

'Queen Of The Deep', after the 'Stingray' theme tune intro tape, is the embarkation point with its airy, hallucinatory 'submerged section' before poignancy fountains forth in the anti-nuke 'Heart Attack' and 'Crown Of Thorns.'

Talent scouts twitch at 'Arrive Alive', the dirty money single contender and the abbreviated set is completed by the epic fantasy 'Atlantis', preceded by the musical monolith 'March On Atlantis' instrumental, and climaxing with the kind of impassioned sing-song — "All the world now join hands as one" — that instantly conjures up aircraft hanger expanses of human arms being raised in everlasting unity!

Judging by peakpont 'March On Atlantis', the only addition since springtime, and having been told that an entirely new set is in these Aberdeeners' pipeline, Pallas' navigation seems to be steering towards a new plane of technical/composing fluency.

Imagine a techno metal/Crimson/Yes mixture and you'd be pretty close to the plonky, chunky sound of Graeme Murray's bass, the raunching, whining, whistling or rippling Niall Mattheuson guitar, Derek Forman's sparkling drum propulsion and Ronnie Brown's choral or tinkling or bobbing keyboarding. With Brown's timekeeping the exception to the rule, the musicianship reduces Eighties rock standards to rubble.

Much lambasted frontman Euan Lowson went through his lightning costume changes — buccaneer baggies scraggy jump suit, snazzy Fonzie leather, tatty cape and mirrored casque — with comfortable ease, and his singing has assumed more identity and virility.

Judging by the gratified reaction at this imperative ladder-climbing gig, Pallas' fortunes are on the way up. If they can make a return visit soon, they should find themselves spearheading the Good Music Rock revival next to Marillion.

PHIL BELL

PALLAS
Marquee, London

ANYONE out there with a good memory may well remember that as far back as issue 15 I prophesied the rise of Pallas from the bars of Scotland to the forefront of the British rock scene. Now, and not a moment too soon it seems that prophecy is becoming fact.

On a too brief excursion into the badlands of England Pallas made two assaults on the capital city. The first an unadvertised gig at the Moonlight Club was about as well attended as an SDP meeting (some 10 people turned up) but the second at the Marquee was a jam-packed stormer. The emphasis as ever was on visually projected techno/classical rock of the sort that's slowly becoming 'in vogue' with every Tom, Dick and Harry journalist and ligger who thinks that he/she's discovered a new trend, only to find that the ticket-buying public's known about it for some time.

Opening with 'Queen of the Deep' the set was much the same as the one I'd previously seen in Glasgow, only this time they played like a band with something to prove, not just one going through the motions for a home crowd that's seen the show a handful of times before.

Another important factor was vocalist Euan Lowson's relatively sombre onstage demeanour. Not that he's abandoned his colourful and, at time, dramatic stage attire but now his role is less passive than before and no longer does he disappear from the stage for great chunks of the set, a fact that serves to strengthen the unity of the band and give them a more defineable front man.

'Heart Attack' flies in the face of the obscene nuclear arms build up with, clad in combat jump-suit, Euan emotively dispensing the misery-ridden lyrics over a Genesisesque musical skyline intermeshed with synthesised flute and phased keyboards.

The ever-tragic 'Crown of Thorns' features bassist Graeme Murray on soul-torn vocals backed by a fractured riff and a moody synth that gives way to a beautiful, harmonised vocal passage ending with the hymnal misinterpretation of *'There is a green hill far away without a city wall, where each of us is crucified in a crown of thorns'*. Meanwhile, Euan strikes a crucified pose bathed in pure, white light.

As a close to the set the band preview one of the numbers from their soon to be unleashed 'concept set', the megalithic 'March of Atlantis', opening with a satanic choir that builds into a maelstromic thundering march, and certainly boding well for the rest of the new material when it finally sees the light of day.

Don't wait for ITV to do an exposé on the revival of progressive hard rock and for the kaftans to start flapping once again in the Carnaby St breeze, check it out now or else you will be, in the words of Pallas, *'wondering why the truth always passes you by'*.

GEOFF BANKS

Rushing to the Pallas

PALLAS
London Marquee

I SUPPOSE there could be no greater compliment than to have Fish, the lead singer with Marillion, standing in the crowd watching Pallas and nodding his head, as though to say "Not bad, not bad".

Yes, Pallas were pretty triumphant. I have to repeat that their music is not precisely my cup of meat but, at the same time, you have simply got to stand back and admire their sheer musicianship and the fact that they are brilliant at what they do.

In addition they did two numbers at the Marquee which, despite my prejudice against the band, were outstanding by anyone's standards. "Atlantis" is a tour de force in anyone's book and, despite the fact that people tend to compare the band to Genesis or Yes, I found myself thinking of Canada's finest, Rush.

They're a fortunate band in that they have a front man of the stature of Euan Lowson and a "back-up" singer like Graeme Murray who has a startling range and depth of power. On "Atlantis", Graeme led the chant-along chorus with a skill and a panache that would not have disgraced Luciano Pavarotti on stage at the New York Met.

It's true that Pallas can find themselves lost in the mire of pretentiousness and pomposity, particularly on songs like "Stranger On The Edge Of Time" and "Crown Of Thorns" and yet they always have the saving grace of the impish nature of Lowson and their all-round skill at playing.

They showed their macho man side on "Arrive Alive" which, quite correctly, their PR man Keith Goodwin defined as the nearest they'll ever get to heavy metal. They showed their darker side on the genuinely chilling "The Ripper".

I think I'll be having nightmares for the next three months just thinking about Euan in his "dirty old man" mask and the way he sang the chorus *to* the mask, thus demonstrating that theatricality *can* be effective and not merely posing.

As yet Pallas are not signed by a major record company which, to me — even as a non-committed observer — is astonishing. They have songwriting ability to spare and musicianship sufficient for half a dozen bands.

You know what? I think they're converting me. —

BRIAN HARRIGAN

ARRIVE ALIVE

Packing up
Rewing up
Ready to leave
It's been a good night
Now we're going home.

Wheeling out
Moving fast
Into the dark
Lights cut a path through
The gathering gloom.

Arrive Alive
We're heading for home
Before the dawn comes.
Arrive Alive
Eyes in the Night
They're keeping me right
They're guiding me.
Arrive Alive
We're heading for home
Before the dawn comes.

Heading through
Looking in
Towns cloaked in fog
At all the people who
Are safe and warm behind closed doors.
Lying back
Tell me that
Feeling the speed
We're on the move now
We're eating up the miles from home.

Arrive Alive
We're heading for home
Before the dawn comes.
Arrive Alive
Eyes in the Night
They're keeping me right
They're guiding me.
Arrive Alive
We're heading for home
Before the dawn comes.

CROWN OF THORNS

Waking up, I look up to the skies,
Searching for reasons, always wondering why
Heading to daylight, face toward the dawn,
Screaming in anguish, what the Hell is going on.

People on the pavements, life goes by the same.
The roles we all are playing. It's just a children's game.
Telling lies for friendship, killing foes for peace,
Our story's not a long one, life's just a short term lease.
And I always wonder why. The truth always passes me by.

My life has been a pleasant one, there's not much passed me by.
But now it's coming to an end, so don't you cry.
I'm going to a better end, than many gone before
So turn around, and don't look back, close my final door.

Let go! I'm leaving now, so turn your face
It's my turn now, to leave behind the human race
Repeat.
Let go!
Repeat.

There is a Green Hill far away
Without a city wall
Where each of us is crucified
In a Crown of Thorns
Repeat. To fade with:
(I've always wondered why
The Truth always passes me by).

HEART ATTACK

Dead friends lying back to back
In this manufactured Heart Attack
They have done their politicians' will
Ten thousand years on, they'll be lying still.

Help me find a way out
Hear all our restless spirits shout
Turning around I see a new age dawn
And I look on.

Tracer bullets lighting up the sky
A soldiers' duty it is to die
Nightimes descended on this mushroom cloud
Our days have ended on a chlorine shroud.

Help me find a way out
Hear all our restless spirits shout
Turning around I see a new age dawn,
And I look on.

Climbing, our spirits they rise above the battlefield
They're beating their lives now in a different time
Am I in Heaven, or in Hell,
Well personally I can't tell
Oh no I can't tell.

Gliding, our spirits they soar across the battlefield
They're joining together now as one mind
Am I in Heaven or in Hell
Well personally I don't care
Oh no I don't, I don't care now.

Beam me up!

Rising our spirits they glide above the battlefield
They're reaching up to a higher mind.

ALL TITLES PUBLISHED BY COOL WAYS MUSIC LIMITED

QUEEN OF THE DEEP

Dive, Dive! the Captain cried, shouting above the thunder,
Just like a dream, they only could scream
As the waves were dragging them under
Fighting, fighting, taking the waves on the open sea
The lady takes them down the land of eternal dreams
She rises Queen of the Deep in her own right
Taking them down, to where they will drown
Where everyman's a God in his own right

Oh never leave me, I don't want to die.

Struggling for breath,
The dying bodies are dragged
ever closer to the oceans' floor
Only the dying breath
Will ever reach the surface as an epitaph
To their souls lost at sea

Meanwhile, back on shore
Mothers and lovers mourn
For their loved ones lost at sea
But down, beneath the oceans' waves
A voice is calling them home, to their eternal peace.

Set sail! we're on our way
The storm is past, the danger is over
I promise to you before the night is through
We'll set foot on land when it's over
Riding, Riding, taking the waves on the open sea
The lady takes them, down to the land of eternal dreams
She rises, Queen of the Deep in her own right
Taking them down to where they will drown
'Cos everyman's a God in his own right.

THE RIPPER

He's 14 years today. Salute the Birthday Boy,
He always was a little... different.
If mum could see you now, your name is on the
Front page of all the papers, they're selling on the street.
You killed your first today. It wasn't very hard
You met her at the Disco. You took her to the yard.
You killed your first today, she didn't make a sound
The hammer sunk into her skull she fell onto the ground.

Repeat.
You killed your first today.

You're telling me lies while you're lying there
You want me to think that I'm crazy.
You're just a slut, a degenerate whore
To do the things you ask would degrade me.

Out of the doorway and on to the street
Your brain moves faster than your feet
Now you've realized what you've done
Have you ever had such fun?!
Repeat.
Have you ever had such fun?!
Now you've experienced the ultimate thrill
You've developed the urge to kill!

– SCREAM –

Ten years on, you've reached No. 10
The feeling remains much the same as when
The first incision relieved the pain
You said you'd never do what you did to mummy again.

– SCREAM –

ATLANTIS

Rising up, the crystal dome of life before the final war
Breaks the waves of sea and air, to save us from the deadly fall
Coming up from far below oceans floors unknown to men
The Sentinel waited silently until the time was right again...

Civilisations seeds
Sown so very long ago
Almost ripened to their peak
But how were they supposed to know
Nurtured very carefully
Guided on their pre-set path
The Sentinel waited patiently
But his experiment went wrong

The eyes of the world watched in fright,
To the sea ablaze in light,
As it drew ever closer.

On the surface machines they all stood still
Fingers reaching out as one poised in fear, obliged to kill,
Continents united against the common foe
The first and last occassion but the fools would never know...

Alpha & Omega
First Born & the last
The vast dome of Atlantis
Cracks & shudders beneath the blast
Sinking back to whence they came
The unwelcomed realise
The original plan could now succeed
Due to their selfless sacrifice.

The sea boiled again, as Atlantis decends
to its place far below.
Now the world has joined hands as one.

ALL THE WORLD NOW JOIN HANDS AS ONE
THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WORLD HAS BEGUN.

PALLAS

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